
Title: a book

Author: Vincent

My name is Radicchio. and
I am the chef for this
town.

Everyday I get the
opportunity to master my
culinary delights; if
someone doesn't like it,
they get what's coming
to them. Knives aren't
just for cutting dinner
you know, they are for
dealing with whiney
complainers. That's why I
need more cheese around
here, they need some
cheese with their whine -
and some poison in their
palette.

This one merchant back in
my home town called the
guards on me when i
slammed a rolling pin over
his head, and I had to
spend a few nights in the
Yew Jail! Well, I was
pretty mad at the time,
but that's when i got to
meet Vincent. He was
escaping that night, and
he thought I would be a
perfect fall guy! Well, I
sucked up my pride and
went with him, however
when we were caught I
took out three guards
with a small knife I found
on the table.

Well, its an
understatement to say
Vincent was impressed
with my skills as a
warrior, and intrigued
with my passion of the
culinary arts. He no
longer wanted me for
fodder, but took me as

brethren. We left the
jails through the back,
then headed for the Yew
Moongate in the thick of
the night while the fog
rolled in from the north.
We reached it by
morning, and that's when
he brought me here.

I think it was seven... or
maybe eight men, that
died the first month.
They mistakenly took me
for a servant or prisoner
of Vincent's and
badmouthed me over my
cooking. That afternoon I
went into the swamps,
and got enough nightshade,
and made a special blend
of some Apple Pie. I gave
it to them as to "make
amends" for which they
laughed yet scarfed it
down. The room wasn't
laughing as I dragged
several dad men out to
the swamps.

I remember to this day
their look on their face,
the way they turned to
Vincent, and he just
smiled and said, "My
compliments to the chef"
Today I saw an Evil mage,
just like the one from
where I used to live come
in. Vincent and the mage
sat at the table, looking
for some stone device. I
went to ask what it was,
and Vincent was proud to
show me a magic door
-apparently it is some
sort of home security
device that works by
vocal passwords. However,
the issue was that the
mage needed to rest
some password that turns
on the device, and wanted
Vincent to decide. Well,
Vincent didn't know, he
was all sorts of angry
that he could not pick all
ten words himself, so he
would settle for eight.

Since we were all men, I
suggested some lady we
could all agree on and
never forget. The mage
loved the idea, and told
Vincent about his old
flame that he works with.
Less than a minute, the
door was fixed, Vincent
was off, and the Mage
left with more money I
could ever imagine to see.